

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

ILLUSTRATED *MAW* Pa 1798. 27

BY

EXAMPLE.

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

PART THE FIRST.

Seventh Edition.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, OPPOSITE OLD BOND-STREET, PICCADILLY; AND SOLD BY MUNDELL AND SON, EDINBURGH; AND I. MUNDELL, GLASGOW.

1798.

(Price 3d. Twelve for 2s. 6d. or One Guinea per Hundred.)

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INTRODUCTION

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

WE recommend most seriously, to you, Fellow Countrymen, the perusal of the following pages; on the truth of the facts contained in them, you may implicitly depend, and if, at a crisis like the present, a want of zeal could be supposed to exist in any description of persons, to resist the enemies of their country, a reflection on the cruelties, to which a successful French Invasion must infallibly expose your families and yourselves, can hardly fail to have the effect, of rousing you, to a proper sense of your duty.

The enormities of the French Nation, since the commencement of their revolution, have no parallel in history, and for this it is not difficult to account; most revolutions have been attended with horrors, shocking to humanity, but these have been great in proportion as religious and moral principles have been eradicated from the minds of men.

The French rulers were aware of this; they began their work, therefore, by teaching men to blaspheme their God, children to accuse their parents, servants to betray their masters, tenants to rob their landlords, and ultimately subjects to murder their innocent Sovereign, whom they had lately sworn to protect. The consequences of these crimes are before your eyes—may they prove a warning to you, and confirm you in those principles, which have hitherto made you, a Great and a Happy People. It was well said by an eloquent author, now unfortunately no more, “that if we wished to keep French daggers from our hearts, we could only do it by keeping French Principles from our heads.”

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

The following FACTS are faithfully extracted from AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS, supplied by the French Republicans themselves, chiefly taken from the formal depositions delivered upon oath, of eye witnesses, or indirect accomplices, of the criminal deeds they describe; and the whole Democratic Junto of advocates for the French in Great Britain, are hereby dared to impeach their authenticity.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES,

ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLE.

THE proceedings of the Whig Club, and Corresponding Societies, like those of all other self-created societies, contain general accusations against every branch of the government. An advantageous distribution of the words *liberty*, *tyranny*, *slavery*, &c. does wonders with the populace; but the intelligent reader looks deeper; general accusations do not satisfy him; he seeks for instances of oppression, complained of by the Jacobins, from the bombastical rhapsody in which they are buried, and see to what they amount. They tell us that Thelwall, Hardy, Tooke, and about four or five others, were detained some months in prison; and that Muir, Palmer, and Margarot*,

* Of Palmer I know nothing, but that he is at Botany Bay; Muir is now in France, where he is spiriting up the Directory to the invasion of England; and Margarot has long since repented of his politics, and is become a peaceable man—to the great scandal of his quondam associates in treason.

with two or three more were transported: and all this, (they say) for having done no more than what the good of their country dictated. I am sure the reader is very well satisfied, that these men were all guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; but to avoid disputation with respect to this fact, I shall suppose them all innocent, and then the sum total of the tyranny against which these societies exclaim, will amount to eight or nine false imprisonments, and five or six unjust sentences of transportation. This is certainly a great deal too much: may the hand be withered that ever wields a pen in its justification! but, as they wish, as a means of avoiding such acts of oppression in future, to overturn their monarchical government, and establish a democratical one in its stead, it becomes incumbent on the reader who would not be their dupe, to contrast the conduct of the government which they wanted to overturn, with that of the one they wanted to adopt. They have represented the British Government as being arrived at its last stage of tyranny, it will not then, I hope, be esteemed unfair, if I oppose to it the Democratic Convention of France, in the very beginning of its career.

It is not my intention to give a general character of this assembly; it would be superfluous: nor will I give way to that indignation, which every man, who is not by nature a slave, must feel at the very mention of such a divan. General charges against any man, or set of men, as they are very seldom accurate, so they are little attended to, particularly when addressed to a reader who is rather inclined towards the party accused. For this reason, I shall confine myself to a particular epoch, and even a particular spot. LYONS affords us the properest scene to be described on the present occasion; not because the dreadful deeds committed there surpass those at Nantz, and many other places; but
because

because, taking place within a short space of time, they admit with more facility, the form of a compact relation.

In the perusal of this relation the candid reader will make me some allowances ; my taste is far from the tragic ; scenes such as these must lose half their terrors when drawn by a hand like mine ; Melpomene alone should record the actions of the National Convention.

Some time after the death of Louis XVI. the city of Lyons was declared by the Convention in a state of revolt ; it was attacked by a numerous army of *Democrats*, and, after having stood a siege of about two months, was obliged to surrender. What followed this surrender it is my intention to relate ; but first, it is necessary to go back to the causes that led to the revolt ; for, though no earthly crime could justify the cruelties inflicted upon the brave and unfortunate Lyonese, yet those cruelties do not appear in their deepest hue, till the pretended crime of the sufferers is known.

By the new constitution of France, the king could not be *dethroned*, unless found at the head of an army marching against his country. This was to be regarded as the highest crime he could possibly commit, and even for this he could be punished no otherwise than by being *dethroned*. "*No crime whatever*," says the constitution, "*shall be construed to affect his life*." This constitution every Frenchman had sworn, "*to obey, and maintain with all his might*." — When, therefore, it was proposed to the Lyonese, by the emissaries of the National Convention, to petition for the death of the king, they replied, almost with one voice, "No ; we have sworn, with all France, to maintain the New Constitution with all our might ; that Constitution declares that no crime whatsoever shall
" affect

"affect the life of the king. For any thing we have
 "yet seen or heard, we believe him innocent of
 "every crime that has been laid to his charge. The
 "mode of this trial is unprecedented in the annals of
 "injustice, the Convention being at once accuser,
 "evidence, and judge. We believe him perfectly
 "innocent; but whether he be or not, the constitu-
 "tion that we have, by a solemn oath, bound our-
 "selves to maintain with all our might, declares that
 "no crime whatever shall be construed to affect his
 "life; that life, therefore, we cannot, we will not
 "demand. The rest of the nation may sport with
 "engagements which they have called the Almighty
 "to witness, they may add the crime of assassination
 "to that of perjury, they may stain themselves with
 "the blood of their innocent and unfortunate prince,
 "the Lyonese never will."

Reader, you will hardly believe that this answer, so
 full of good sense, justice, piety, and honour, drew
 down on the gallant Lyonese the most dreadful chas-
 tisement, that ever was inflicted on any part of the
 human race. Read and be convinced*.

No sooner was the determination of the Lyonese
 made known to the Convention than the latter began
 to concert schemes of vengeance. A numerous army
 was prepared, while the democratic agents of the Con-
 vention, who still had the executive authority in their
 hands at Lyons, spared no pains in endeavouring to
 drive the city to what they termed open rebellion, and
 thus to furnish a pretext for its destruction. The
 doctrine of equality, so flattering to those who possess
 nothing, had gained them many converts among the
 lower classes of the people. To these was committed

* The facts here related are taken from "An authentic relation
 of the siege of Lyons."

all authority, civil and military, and it is hardly necessary to say that they exercised every species of tyranny that envy, revenge, and popular fury could invent. All this was borne with a degree of resignation that has been justly regarded as astonishing, in people who have since exhibited such unequivocal proofs of inherent valour. A sense of more immediate danger, however, roused them from their lethargy.

There was held, every night, a meeting of the leaders among the partizans of the Convention. It consisted, in general, of men of desperate fortunes, bankrupts, quacks, the dregs of the law, apostate priests, and the like, not forgetting some who had been released from the galleys. In this infamous assembly, which took the name of *democratic Club*, a plot was laid for the assassination of all the rich in one night*: but this plot, notwithstanding the precautions of the conspirators was happily discovered; the president *Challier*† and two others were tried and condemned to die, the democrats were driven from all the public offices, and the former magistrates reinstated.

The act of self-preservation was called a revolt against the Republic, and, in consequence of it, the Convention passed decree upon decree, bearing death and destruction against the Lyonese. Thus, those very men who had formed a constitution, which declares resistance against oppression to be a natural right, passed an act of prosecution against a whole city, because they had dared

* This was their oath. "We swear to extirminate all the rich and aristocrats; their bloody corpses, thrown into the Rhone, shall bear our terrors to the affrighted sea."

† This citizen *Challier* was every way qualified for the post of president of such a club. He was looked on as a person of infamous character, before the revolution, and, since the revolution, he has imbrued his hands in the blood of his own father.

to lift their hands to guard their throats against the knives of a band of assassins!

The city now began to arm for its defence; but being totally unprepared for a siege, having neither fortifications nor magazines, and being menaced on every side by miriads of ferocious enemies, the people were backward in deciding for hostility, knowing that in that case, death or victory must be the consequence. There were, therefore, about ten thousand men who had the courage to take up arms; but the desperate bravery of these amply made up for every want. During the space of sixty days they withstood an army of fifteen times their strength, plentifully provisioned, and provided with every instrument of destruction. Never, perhaps, were there such feats of valour performed as by this little army; thrice their numbers did they lay dead before their injured city.

The members deputed from the Convention to direct the attack, left nothing untried that might tend to the accomplishment of their object. They succeeded at last, in opening a communication with their partizans in the city, and in seducing many of the mob to espouse their interest. This was the more easy to effect, as the besieged were, by this time, upon the point of starving; the flesh of horses, dogs, and cats, had been for some days their only food, and even that began to grow extremely scarce. In this situation, without the least hopes of succour, some of those who wished well to their city, and who had not borne arms during the siege, undertook to capitulate with the enemy; but these, knowing the extremities to which they were driven, insisted upon executing the decrees of the Convention, which ordered them to put to death indiscriminately all those who had taken up arms against its authority.

The

The besieged, then, seeing no hopes of a capitulation, seeing the city without another day's provision, and the total impossibility of succour from without (being completely invested on every side,) had but one measure to adopt; to cut their way through the enemy, or fall in the attempt. A plan of retreat was, therefore, settled upon; the out-posts were to be called in, and the whole were to assemble at the *Vaise*.

In the mean time, the deputies from the Convention, who were informed by their spies of all that was passing in the city, took care to have the road by which the retreating army was to pass well lined with troops. The whole country round was under arms. Every person was ordered, on pain of death, not to let pass or give shelter to a single Lyonese man, woman, or child.

The out-posts were hardly called in when their stations were taken possession of by the democratic army. Being so closely pressed, rendered the assembling at the *Vaise* more difficult; all was bustle, confusion, and terror. Not half of those who were under arms, had time to join. A little corps was, however, at last formed. It consisted of between three and four thousand persons in all, headed by four field pieces, and followed by six waggons, bearing the wreck of many a splendid fortune. Thus marched off the remains of these generous defenders of their city, bidding an eternal adieu to the scenes of their youth, the dwellings of their ancestors; resolving to die bravely, as they had lived, or find an asylum in a foreign land.

It was midnight when they began their retreat, lighted by the blaze of bombs and burning houses.—Reader, cast your eyes on this devoted city. See children cling to their fathers, distracted mothers to their sons; wives, holding in their arms what they held

dearer than life, forgetting all but their husbands, marching by their side, and braving death from ten thousand hands!

They had hardly begun to march, when a discharge of artillery, bearing full upon them, threw them into some confusion. One of their waggons, in which were several old men and some children, was set on fire by a shell. Morning coming on they perceived themselves beset on every side; they were charged by the cavalry, exposed to the fire of a numerous artillery, harrassed at every turning, fired upon from every house, every bank and every hedge.—Seeing, therefore, no hopes of escape, they were determined to sell every drop of blood as dear as possible. They broke off into platoons, putting their wives and children in the centre of each, and took different directions, in order to divide the force of the enemy. But what were they to do against fifty times their number? The whole, about fifty persons excepted, were either killed or taken.

The victors shewed such mercy as might be expected from them; not content with butchering their prisoners in cold blood, they took a pleasure in making them die by inches, and of insulting them in the pangs of death. Placing several together, they killed one of them at a time to render death more terrible to the rest.—Neither sex nor age had any weight with them; above two hundred women, thirty of whom had children at the breast, whom conjugal love had led to follow their husbands; more than fifty old men, whom filial piety had snatched from the assassin's stab, were all most savagely butchered. The death of *Madame de Vis-ague* deserves particular notice. This young lady was about seventeen years of age, and very near her time of delivery; a party of the democrats found her behind a hedge, to which place she had drawn her husband, who
was

was mortally wounded. When the canibals discovered her, she was on her knees supporting his head with her arms ; one of them fired upon her with a carbine, another quartered her with his hanger, while a third held up the expiring husband to be a spectator of their more than hellish cruelty.

Several wounded prisoners were collected together, and put into a ditch, with sentinels placed round them to prevent them from killing themselves, or one another ; and thus were they made to linger, some of them two or three days, while their enemies testified their ferocious pleasure by all the insulting gesticulations of savages.

Such was the fury of the triumphant democrats, that the deputies from the Convention gave an order against burying the dead, till they had been cut in morsels.—*Tollet*, the infamous *Tollet*, a democratic priest (that is to say, an apostate) of *Trevoux*, went, blood-hound like, in quest of a few unhappy wretches who had escaped the bloody 9th of October ; and when, by perfidious promises, he had drawn them from their retreats, he delivered them up to the daggers of the assassins.

Of all the little army that attempted the retreat, only about forty-six escaped ; six hundred and eighteen were brought back in chains : some of them died of their wounds, and all those who were not relieved from life this way, were dragged forth to ignominious deaths.

During these dreadful scenes, the deputies from the Convention, who were now absolute masters of the unfortunate city, were preparing others, if possible, still more dreadful. As a preliminary step, they re-organized the *democratic society*. To this infernal rendezvous, the deputy *Javogues* repaired, and there broached his

his speech, the substance of which was nearly as follows. After having represented *Challier* as a martyr in the cause of liberty, as the hero of the Republic, and the avenger of the people, he addressed himself to the assembly in nearly these terms. "Think," said he, "of the slavery into which you are plunged, by being the servants and workmen of others; the nobles, the priests, the proprietors, the rich of every description, have long been in a combination to rob the democrats, the real sans-culotte republicans, of their birth-right; go, citizens, take what belongs to you, and what you should have enjoyed long ago.—Nor must you stop here; while there exists an aristocracy in the buildings, half remains undone;—down with those edifices, raised for the profit or pleasure of the rich; down with them all*: commerce and arts are useless to a warlike people, and destructive to that sublime equality which France is determined to spread over the whole globe." He told this enslaved, this degraded populace, that it was the duty of every good citizen to discover all those whom he knew to be guilty of having, in thought, word, or deed, conspired against the Republic. He exhorted them to fly to the offices opened for receiving such accusations, and not to spare one lawyer, priest, or nobleman. He concluded this harangue (worthy one of the damned) with declaring, that for a man to accuse his own father was an act of

* A hundred houses were destroyed per day by order of the Convention. All the hospitals, the manufactories, banks, &c. &c. were destroyed without exception. Before the revolution, that is to say, in 1789, this city contained above a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; it was the second town, with respect to population, in France, and the first manufacturing town in all Europe. It does not now contain seventy thousand inhabitants, and those are all reduced to beggary and ruin. As for trade, there is no such thing thought of. The last report to the Convention, respecting Lyons, declares the inhabitants without work or bread,

civism worthy a true republican, and that to neglect it was a crime that should be punished with death.

The deeds that followed this diabolical exhortation were such as might be expected. The bloody ruffians of democrats left not a house, not a hole unsearched; men and women were led forth from their houses with as little ceremony as cattle from their pens; the square where the guillotine stood was reddened with blood, like a slaughter-house, while the piercing cries of the surviving relations were drowned in the more vociferous howlings of *Vive la Republique*.

It is hard to stifle the voice of nature, to stagnate the involuntary movements of the soul; yet this was attempted, and in some degree effected, by the deputies of the Convention. — Perceiving that these scenes of blood had spread a gloom over the countenances of the innocent inhabitants, and that even some of their soldiers seemed touched with compunction, they issued a mandate, declaring every one suspected of aristocracy, who should discover the least symptom of pity, either by his words or his looks!

The preamble of this mandate makes the blood run cold:—"BY THE THUNDER OF GOD! in the name of the representatives of the French people; on pain of death, it is ordered," &c.

Who would believe that this terrific mandate, forbidding men to weep or look sorrowful, on pain of death, concluded with *Vive la liberté*? — (*Liberty for ever!*) — Who would believe that the people, who suffered this mandate to be stuck up about the city like a play bill, *had sworn to live free, or die?*

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However, in spite of all their menaces, they still found that remorse would sometimes follow the murder of a friend or relation. Conscience is a troublesome guest to the villain who yet believes in an hereafter ; the deputies, therefore, were resolved to banish this guest from the bosom of their partizans, as it had already been banished from their own.

With this object in view, they ordered a solemn *civic festival* in honour of *Challier*. His image was carried round the city, and placed in the churches: those temples which had (many of them) for more than a thousand years, resounded with hosannas to the Supreme Being, were now profaned by the adorations paid to the image of a *parricide*.

All this was but a prelude to what was to follow the next day. It was Sunday, the day consecrated to the worship of our blessed Redeemer. A vast concourse of democrats, men and women, assembled at a signal agreed on, formed themselves into a sort of mock procession, preceded by the image of *Challier*, and followed by a little detached troop, each bearing in his hand a chalice, or some other vase of the church. One of these sacrilegious wretches led an ass, covered with a priest's vestment, and with a mitre on his head. He was loaded with crucifixes and other symbols of the Christian religion, and had the Old and New Testament suspended to his tail. Arrived at the square called the *Terreaux*, they then threw the two *Testaments*, the crucifixes, &c. into a fire prepared for the purpose, made the ass drink out of the sacramental cup, and were proceeding to conclude their diabolical profanations with the massacre of the prisoners (to appease the ghost of *Challier*) when a violent gust of thunder put an end to their meeting, and deferred the work of death for a few hours.

The

The pause was not long. — The deputies, profiting by the impious phrenzy with which they had inspired the soldiery and the mob, and by the consternation of the respectable inhabitants, continued their butchery with redoubled fury. Those who led the unhappy sufferers to execution, were no longer ordered to confine themselves to such as were entered on the list of proscription, but were permitted to take whoever *they thought worthy of death!* To have an enemy among the democrats, to be rich, or even thought rich, was a sufficient crime. The words *nobleman, priest, lawyer, merchant, or even honest man*, were so many terms of proscription. Three times was the place of the guillotine changed; at every place, holes were dug to receive the blood, and yet it ran in the gutters! The executioners were tired; and the deputies, enraged to see that their work went on so slowly, represented to the mob that they were *too merciful*, that vengeance lingered in their hands, and that their enemies ought to perish *in a mass*.*

Accordingly, next day, the execution *in mass* began; the prisoners were led out, from one hundred to three hundred at a time, into the out-skirts of the city, where they were fired upon or stabbed. One of these massacres deserves particular notice: — two hundred and sixty-nine persons, taken indiscriminately among all classes and all ages, were led to *Brotteaux*, and

* Let not the reader imagine that the Convention did not approve of all this. A deputation from the city went to Paris, represented at the bar of the Convention the devastation and carnage to which their city was a prey: but in place of being heard with that attention they deserved, they were thrown into a dungeon, and the Convention decreed that Lyons should be destroyed even to its very name, which was in future to be *commune affranchie* (free district,) and that a column should be erected to commemorate its having warred against *Liberty!*

there

there tied to trees. In this situation, they were fired upon with grape shot: here the *cannoniers of Valenciennes* (who had not the courage to defend their own walls, who owed their forfeited lives to the mercy of royalists) valiantly pointed their cannons against them, when they found them bound hand and foot! — The coward is ever cruel. — Numbers of these unfortunate prisoners had only their limbs broken by the artillery; these were dispatched by the sword or the musquet; the greatest part of the bodies were thrown into the Rhone, some of them before they were quite dead; two men, in particular, had strength enough to swim to a sand bank in the river. One would have thought that, thus saved, as it were by a miracle, the vengeance of their enemies would have pursued them no further; but, no sooner were they perceived, than a party of the *dragons of Lorraine* crossed the arm of the river, stabbed them, and left them a prey to the fowls of the air. — Reader, fix your eyes on this theatre of carnage! You barbarous, you ferocious monsters! — you have found the heart to commit these bloody deeds, and shall no one have the heart to publish them, in a country that boasts of an unbounded liberty of the press? Shall no one tell with what pleasure you plunged your daggers into the defenceless breasts of those whose looks had often appalled your coward hearts? Shall no one tell with what heroic, what god-like constancy, they met their fate? How they smiled at all your menaces and canibal gesticulations? How they despised you in the very article of death! — Strewed with every sweetest flower be the grave of *Mons. Chapuis de Maubourg*, and his name be graven on every faithful heart! This gallant gentleman, who was accounted one of the first engineers in Europe, fell into the hands of the democrats; they offered to spare his life, if he would serve in the armies of the Convention; — they repeated this offer, with their carbines at his breast; — “No;” replied he, “I have never fought

" but for my God and my king ; despicable cowards,
 " fire away ! "

The murder *in mass* did not rob the guillotine of its prey ; — there the blood flowed without interruption. Death itself was not a refuge against democratic fury : the bodies of the prisoners who were dead of their wounds, and of those who, not able to support the idea of an ignominious death, had given themselves the fatal blow, were carried to the scaffold and there beheaded, receiving thousands of kicks from the fansculottes, because the blood would not run from them. Persons from their sick beds, old men not able to walk, and even women found in child-bed were carried to the murderous machine. The respectable *Monf. Lauras* was torn from his family of ten children, and his wife big with the eleventh ; this distracted matron ran with her children, and threw herself at the feet of the brutal Deputy *Collot D'Herbois*. — No mercy. — Her conjugal tenderness, the cries of her children, every thing calculated to soften the heart, presented themselves before him, but in vain. — " Take away " (said he to the officious ruffians by whom he was surrounded) take away the she rebel and her whelps." * Thus spurned of him who alone was able to save her beloved husband, she followed him to the place of execution. Her shrieks, when she saw him fall, joined to the wildness of her looks, but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was seized with the pains of child-birth,

* The reader's indignation certainly will not be lessened, when he hears that this *Collot D'Herbois*, this abiter of life and death, was before the revolution, a — *player* ! It is even said, that much of the blood shed at Lyons may be ascribed to his having, some years before, been hissed from the stage in that city. There are a thousand persons now in England who have seen him in the character of Harlequin. Blessed revolution ! that exposes a city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants to the wanton vengeance of a vagrant buffoon !

and

and was carried home to her house ; but as if her tormentors had shewn her too much lenity, the *sans-culotte* commissary soon after arrived, took possession of all the effects in the name of the sovereign people, drove her from her bed and her house — from the door of which she fell dead into the street.

About three hundred women hoped, by their united prayers and tears, to touch the hearts of the ferocious deputies ; but all their efforts were as vain as those of *Madame Lauras*. They were threatened with a charge of grape shot : two of them, who, notwithstanding the menaces of the democrats, still had the courage to persist, were tied during six hours to the posts of the guillotine ; their own husbands were executed before their eyes, and their blood sprinkled over them !

Mademoiselle Servan, a lovely young woman of about eighteen years of age, was executed, because she would not *discover the retreat of her father* ! “ What ! ” (said she nobly, to the democratic committee) “ what ! betray my father ! impious villains, how dare you suppose it ? ” *

Madame Cochet, a lady equally famed for her beauty and her courage, was accused of having put the match to a cannon during the siege, and of having *assisted in her husband's escape*. She was condemned to suffer

* Too much cannot be said in praise of the intrepidity of the *Romish* priests. No terrors, no torments, could bring them to confess that they had done wrong in adhering to the Catholic church. They suffered death with a degree of cheerfulness that never has been surpassed. — *Mr. Maupetit* also deserves to be immortalized. He was taken prisoner during the siege ; but he did not, like the poltroon Brutus, put an end to his life for fear of the scoffs of his enemies. He suffered himself to be buried alive, up to his neck, in which situation his head was mashed to pieces by four-pound balls that his enemies tossed at it in derision, all which he endured without one plaintive accent.

death ;

death; she declared herself with child, and the truth of this declaration was attested by two surgeons. In vain did she implore a respite; in vain did she plead the innocence of the child that was in her womb: her head was severed from her body, amidst the death-howl of the democratic brigands!

Pause here, reader, and imagine, if you can, another crime worthy of being added to those already mentioned: yes, there is one more; and hell would not have been satisfied, if its ministers had left it uncommitted—*libidinous brutality!* Favogues, one of the deputies from the Convention, opened the career:—his example was followed by the soldiery and the mob in general. The wives and daughters of almost all the respectable inhabitants, particularly such as had emigrated, or who were murdered, or in prison, were put in a *state of requisition*, and were ordered (on pain of death) to hold their *bodies* [I spare the reader the term made use of in the decree] in readiness for the embraces of the true republicans! Nor were they content with violation:—the first ladies of the city were led to the tree of *Liberty* (liberty!) and there made to take the hands of chimney sweepers and common felons! Detestable wretches!—at the very name of democrat, humanity shudders, and modesty hides its head!

I will not insult the reader's feeling by desiring him to compare the pretended tyranny of the British government with that I have here related; but I will ask them to produce me, if they can, an instance of such consummate tyranny, in any government, or in any nation. *Queen Mary* of England, during a reign of five years, caused about 500 innocent persons to be put to death; for this, posterity has, and very justly too, branded her with the surname of *Bloody*. What surname, then, shall be given to the Assembly that caused
more

more than that number to be executed, *in one day*, at Lyons? The massacre of St. Bartholomy (an event that filled all Europe with consternation, the infamy and horrors of which have been dwelt on by so many eloquent writers of all religions, and that has held Charles IX. up to the execration of ages) dwindles into child's play, when compared to the murderous revolution, which a late writer in France emphatically calls "a St. Bartholomew of five years*." According to *Monsf. Bossuet*, there were about 30,000 persons murdered, in all France, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; there has been more than that number murdered in the single city of Lyons, and its neighbourhood; at Nantz, there have been 27,000; at Paris, 15,000; in La Vendee, 300,000.† In short, it appears that there have been TWO MILLIONS of persons murdered in France, since it has called itself a Republic; among whom are reckoned *two hundred and fifty thousand WOMEN, two hundred and fifty thousand CHILDREN* (besides those murdered in the womb) and *twenty-four thousand Christian priests!*

* Charles IX, bigotted and bloody minded as he was, durst not attempt that tone of tyranny which has been assumed by the National Convention; there was some honour among the Frenchmen of those days. The *Governor of Bayonne* having received the order for the massacre of the Protestants of that city, wrote to the king; "Sire, I have found in your city of *Bayonne* none but loyal subjects, "and not a single cut-throat." At Lyons, the common hangman being ordered to enter a prison and dispatch two or three protestants: "No," said he, "I am an executioner, but *no murderer*." Let any man produce me a single instance of this kind among the republican French: let him tell me, if he can, when a democrat has been known to refuse to shed blood. The common hangman at Lyons, when France was a monarchy, entertained a higher sense of honour than has yet been expressed by any member of the National Convention.

† This computation is taken from *Les Details des Cruautés des Jacobins*, lately published at Paris.

And

And is there—can there be, a faction in ENGLAND—so cruel,—so bloody-minded, as to wish to see these scenes repeated in their own, or *any other* country? If there be—GREAT GOD! DO THOU METE TO THEM, TEN FOLD THE MEASURE THEY WOULD METE TO OTHERS;—AFFLICT ON THEM EVERY CURSE OF WHICH HUMAN NATURE IS SUSCEPTIBLE;—HURL ON THEM THY REDDEST THUNDER-BOLTS; SWEEP THE SANGUINARY RACE FROM THE FACE OF THE CREATION!!!

THE END.

Speedily will be published,

PART THE SECOND;

CONTAINING

AN INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

TRACING

ALL THE HORRORS

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION

TO THEIR

REAL CAUSES,

**THE LICENTIOUS POLITICS, AND INFIDEL
PHILOSOPHY OF THE PRESENT AGE.**